

Confidence by: Mafia (Darksideeyesplease)

Summary: Detailing Anakin and Padme's first time, and Anakin's lack of confidence in the situation.

Senator Amidala prepared herself for her date in the bedroom of her Coruscant apartment. She had just finished with her hair and was spraying on a light perfume in all the right places. She had been dating the young Jedi Padawan, Anakin Skywalker for a few months now.

She was determined that tonight, would be the night. She was surprised by all his passion for her that he had not tried to take her to bed yet. Apparently, he was just a gentleman, and obviously a virgin who anytime was around the Senator became a bubbling little boy.

Sure, they had shared a few impassioned kisses after their dates, but he had not even tried to slip his tongue in her mouth. She giggled to herself as she thought of his innocence. As wild as he made her heart beat, she made him a nervous wreck. He just couldn't seem to get over the fact that he was with her. He was so entranced with that single thought that obviously sex just had not registered with his brain yet.

It wasn't for a lack of her trying. She would drop more than subtle hints at him, as they sat at dinner tables in lavish restaurants. Every time she would do so, his face turned beet red, and he would refuse to make eye contact with her for several minutes.

They had not even had a real discussion about sex. Anytime she brought it up, he would change the subject and ask her had she seen the Pod race on the holo, or some other inane question.

I'll only watch a Pod race if you're in it, Ani. She had once told him, only to receive a small laugh in return.

Oh, he frustrated her so. After the last few dates, she was forced to her bedroom by herself. She couldn't help but touch herself as she fantasized about what it would be like, when he finally joined her. He maddened her with the thought of sex, just the thought of him, made her inhale deeply to keep control.

Just as she had finished preparing for the date, she heard a buzz at the door. He was there. Her heart pounded in excitement as she thought about what might come of the evening. She had to stop herself from making a mad dash to the door.

She tried to remain lady like, and strolled towards the door, and there stood her tall, lean Jedi protector. He smiled at her and then forced his head down to look at the ground.

"You look amazing." He said, refusing once more to look at her. He took her hand and kissed it gently.

My dear Anakin. So sweet, so innocent. We really need to do something about that.

"Are you ready?" He sheepishly asked. She could only nod in agreement, as he gently intertwined his fingers with hers, holding her hand, as they walked out of the apartment, towards a speeder.

They soon arrived at the restaurant. As usual, Anakin didn't have much to say on the way there. They placed their orders and the waiter walked away, leaving them alone in the back of the restaurant. It was dim and most of the light came from a small candle in the middle of the table. Padme scooted herself closer to Anakin, as they sat in a rounded booth. His body tensed as he drew closer.

She took his hand in her own underneath the table and held on squeezing his hand every few seconds before relieving the tension.

"Anakin..."

"Yes..." He said, as he continued to study the menu. She took her free hand and folded the menu and threw it to the other side of the table. She forced him to look her in the eyes.

"Don't be so nervous." She said with a glimmering smile.

"Jedi don't get nervous." He stated with absolutely no confidence in his voice.

"I guess that's why you are still a Padawan, huh?" She teased.

Anakin blushed and looked away again, admiring the other couples in the restaurant. She took her free hand once more, and placed it on his chin, and forcefully moved his face to meet her own.

"Look at me. I love it when you look at me."

"Okay..." He shyly responded.

She couldn't get over it. She knew that he wanted her. She didn't need the force to feel that. Yet, after all of their dates, he was still as clumsily shy as he was on the first one.

"I think it's time we had a serious talk." She finally said, breaking the awkward silence.

"About?" His voice had a slight twinge of fear in it. He had hoped he hadn't done anything to displease her. Anakin picked up his glass of water and took a sip.

"Sex!" She bluntly said.

Anakin nearly spewed the water from his mouth when she said that. He clinched his fist and beat on his own chest to stop the coughs. She wanted to die of laughter, but that would only make him unsure of himself.

"Sex?" He finally responded.

"Yes, sex! We have been dating for a while now and all you've done is give me simple kisses and not very many of them." She seemed to be pouting.

"I'm.. I'm sorry. I just figured..." His voice trailed off, he had no idea what he wanted to say.

"Figured I wanted to wait until marriage?"

He could only nod yes to her question. She drew eerily close to his ear, as her lips gently touched the lobe. She gently bit her teeth down while applying the soft kiss.

"I don't." She stated as she leaned back to her normal sitting position.

Anakin gulped as he reached for his water. She watched his face blush, and she took her hand away from his finally. She brought her hand up to his hair, and rolled her fingers on his scalp as he continued to drink. Before he knew it, his glass of water was finished, and he slammed it back onto the table.

"More water sir?" A boy asked who carried around the pitcher of water. Anakin nodded feverishly to him, as he picked up the glass and refilled it.

Padme's hands still traveled through his hair, rubbing the back of his head. Anakin reached for his water again.

"I think you've had enough of that." She said.

Anakin put the glass back down and sat there, letting Padme touch him, any way she pleased. He wasn't about to stop her. He would let her do anything to him, anytime she pleased, but she had never been this aggressive before. She had waited for him to seduce her, but tonight, the waiting had to end, even if she was the one doing the seducing.

"I thought you said you wanted to talk..." He mumbled.

"Okay, fine." She took her hand off his head, and looked at him intensely. "So talk."

Anakin looked at her with confusion. She was the one who had started the conversation. He had been educated about sex, obviously, but had no idea of the defining facets of it, when it came down to actually doing it. To make the other person feel good, as well as himself. His knowledge didn't go far beyond the science of it, how it made younglings. Except for him of course, he was made of the force.

"I don't know what to say." He laughed as he became entranced in her chocolate eyes.

"I want you to make me feel good Anakin. I want to feel you. All of you." She bluntly stated.

Anakin squinted at her rather un-lady like comment.

"Are you feeling alright?" He asked.

"No! My head is foggy Anakin. All I can do is fantasize about you, all day long. You are in my waking thoughts, in my dreams. I need a release, a real release." She said, never taking her eyes from his.

"Ohhh..." He chuckled. "You mean you want to have an orgasm."

At least he knows what that is. She thanked the Gods.

"No... I can make myself orgasm."

Anakin was a bit shocked. It took all of his being to imagine his sweet and innocent Padme, touching herself. Perhaps she wasn't, that innocent.

"Then what do you want from me then?" He dumbly asked.

"I want you to make me come." She exhaled deeply. "Come really really hard."

Anakin was dumfounded. Where had all this come from. He hadn't ever felt this tension in her before. Now she was near the point of begging him to take her to bed.

"I need a drink." He confessed.

Padme wiped a small bead of sweat from her head and looked around regaining her bearings.

"Yeah, me too."

They called the waiter over and ordered the two strongest drinks on the menu. They quickly drank them down and Padme was urged by her insides to restart the conversation.

"That's not all." She said.

Anakin quickly turned his head to her wondering what else she had to say. He looked at her quizzically waiting for her to continue. She leaned in once more, her mouth hovering over his ear. He could feel her hot breath and it drove him into a feral state.

"I want to make you come too." She bit her lower lip trying to hold back her lust as she placed another tender kiss, this time to his neck. She wanted to see his face as she made him explode.

"WAITER!" Anakin motioned for another drink.

"Don't drink too much Anakin. It would be a shame if you didn't remember tonight."

The waiter threw down two more drinks. Anakin didn't even offer Padme one, as he shot them both down his throat, one after the other.

Padme took her hand and rubbed his chest, as he threw the shot glass back to the table. She groaned as she watched him heave the hotness of the drinks from his mouth.

"I want to take you, just like you took those drinks." She admitted with a mischievous grin.

"Huh?" Was all he could say, as she made a motion with her hand near her mouth, simulating the sexual act.

Anakin's eyes widened as his head fell backwards and hit the hard wood of the booth's backing. He raised his head immediately, and rubbed it frantically to conceal the pain.

"So, umm... You want to skip dinner?" She asked playfully.

"Oh Yea..."

Anakin was once again silent on the way back to Padme's apartment. She just didn't understand this boy. After their rather playful dinner time discussion, she had expected him to open up more.

He looked dead ahead as he passed the slower speeders. She could tell he was definitely in a hurry to get back, so that was a good thing.

"What are you thinking about?" She prodded, as he weaved past another slow pilot.

His face grimaced, never looking at her. A charming smirk like smile came over his face after a moment.

"You."

"Just about me? I'm sitting right here." She raised an eyebrow at him as she watched him aggressively drive.

"About the things I want to do to you." He admitted.

That's more like it, Skywalker!

She was pleased, her plan seemed to have worked.

"Tell me." She demanded.

"Tell you what?" Again he seemed lost. She rolled her eyes at his apparent nave question.

"Tell me what you want to do to me."

Anakin sighed trying to think of something clever to say. Whenever he was with Obi Wan he always had some sort of come back or smart ass comment, but not with Padme. She discombobulated him. She tortured him, just the mere thought of her.

To his credit he had played a bit more innocent than he actually was. Or played stupid was more like it. He knew a few more things about sex than he was letting on, but around Padme his nervousness built to a fever pitch, and since he had never experienced it before, he was unsure of himself.

He had slaughtered thousands of federation droids along with other things in his time, but he had never felt the real touch of a woman. That's where his confidence ended. Padme, his one true weakness. It was the will of the force.

"I want to kiss you." He finally said, as they neared the apartment.

"Just kiss me?" She bobbed both of her eyebrows up and down, wanting him to continue.

"Well... I mean... Kiss you all over, that is." He couldn't help but smile at his feeble attempt to turn her on.

"Mmm... That sounds nice. Are you going to do it?" She closed her eyes imaging being in her

bedroom right at that moment.

"If that is your wish."

"I want to know what you want, just tell me." Her voice floated in the breeze as they inched closer to her apartment.

Anakin cringed. He didn't know if he should really say it. But after all, she had made very suggestive comments in the restaurant and she was obviously fawning over him.

Wait a second, she is all over me. She wants me bad.

Suddenly his confidence grew to a fever pitch. He felt like he was in the middle of a battlefield now. This could definitely be his element. Not only a fighter, a warrior, but a supreme lover.

"I want to devour you. Devour your womanhood with my mouth." Finally he spoke with confidence.

She closed her eyes once again, and she slid her own hand onto her inner thigh as he spoke.

"More..." Was all she mumbled.

"I want to stick my..." He stopped and just imagined himself chopping those droids down. "I want to stick my dick in your mouth and watch your lovely mouth take it in."

She touched herself harder through the fabric of her clothes. Anakin nearly hit an oncoming speeder as he watched her touch herself.

"Oh Anakin..." Her eyes remained closed, never seeing the near accident.

"Then I want to make love to you." He said.

"Then fuck me? Fuck me hard?" She asked with a whimper.

Anakin could have died right there and been a happy man. His eyes nearly glazed over in his own thoughts, not to mention this beautiful, sophisticated creature, touching herself right next to him in such a way.

"That's what you want? Tell me what you want now." He said, his voice full of manly confidence.

"Yes, I want you to fuck me and make me scream your name." She clenched her eyes tighter. All she felt was the sensation of her hand, and the air rushing past her face, as the speeder increased in speed.

"Is that right?" He asked with a fit of laughter.

"Yesss.." She squealed.

"Okay, then what?" He urged her to continue. He could feel himself getting harder by the second.

She didn't want to speak anymore. She just wanted to act. She opened her eyes and could see they were close to the apartment, she was relieved.

"Then... Then... I want to watch your face as you shoot your hot seed inside of me." The words cried from her lips as she finally noticed how wet she was from touching herself.

Anakin's own breathing was irregular at this point as he parked the speeder and the two made their way up to Padme's apartment.

Anakin backed into the apartment door being pushed back by Padme and her furious kisses. Anakin bumped into a small glass table, but it went unnoticed as they stammered their way back to the bedroom.

Finally, Padme was able to pry herself from her dreamy Jedi. She walked a circle around him, seductively tracing her finger, outlining his chest through his tunic. She spun around and sat up on her knees on top the large bed.

Anakin's confidence suddenly started to dwindle once more, as Padme pushed the straps of her dress down revealing more cleavage. Her eyes looked over her own body, then to his and she smiled as he was dazed by what he was watching.

She continued to peel the dress down until it was folded and sitting on her hips, exposing her bare breasts to him. She took both of her hands and ran them up her abdomen and stopped at her breasts. She cupped them and lightly massaged them in front of him.

"You like?" She asked him, still fondling her breasts.

Anakin's mouth had almost dropped to the floor and he could only nod in awe. Padme then jumped back off the bed and scooted the dress all the way off, only leaving her with a small pair of black panties. She let her hair loose of its confinements and slowly walked back towards her awe-inspired Jedi.

"Touch me, Anakin. Do all those things you told me you wanted to do." Her voice sounded desperate with its plea.

Anakin scratched his head for a moment as all those doubts had crept back in his head. What if he wasn't good? He wanted his first time with Padme to be something special for her.

Padme grabbed the hand he scratched his head with and directed it towards her bare tummy. She guided his hand through the crevasse of her breasts. Anakin's heart nearly exploded from his chest. His heart raced so fast he didn't even notice the raging hard on in his pants.

But Padme certainly had. Her eyes were transfixed on his lower region. She licked her lips in anticipation for what was to come.

She then guided his hand towards her left breast and finally he showed some reaction. He lightly squeezed it at first and she hummed with approval. He lightly took his thumb and ran it over her erect nipple. Padme nearly buckled under the sensation. Finally her fantasy was coming true. All those lonely nights by herself, having to take care of herself. Now Anakin could take care of her.

"Suckle me, Anakin." She reached with her other hand and guided his head towards her other nipple. Anakin hesitantly took it in his mouth. She whimpered a small howl from the depths of her insides. Not needing anymore approval, finally Anakin flicked his tongue wildly over her breast.

His other hand worked on her left breast, becoming more expert by the moment of how to please her. He alternated licking and sucking of her nipple, then changed breasts to show proper attention to both. Padme finally guided his entire body towards the bed and she fell effortlessly to the mattress. Anakin disrobed from his tunic only leaving his trousers on, and he climbed on top of her to resume his foreplay.

He kissed in between her breasts, under them, to the sides. He worshiped them totally. He then fluttered small kisses down a small trail to her smooth tummy. He then expertly slid her panties from her legs and disregarded them to the side of the bed.

"Oh yes, Anakin!" Padme squealed as Anakin's lips had found their way to her inner thighs as he teased her. "Don't tease anymore. I want your tongue inside of me."

Anakin couldn't wait himself. He slowly licked her small slit which seemed to become wetter inside by the second. He then found the hole with his tongue, and darted it in and out of her as if he had done it before.

Padme grabbed as much of a handful of his hair as she could, as he forced his head down even further into her hotness. She then guided him up to her small clit, and he lightly flicked it with his tongue before taking it in his lips and alternating the motion.

Padme's eyes nearly crossed from the sensation of it all. She let go of Anakin's head, trusting him to do what needed to be done, and she played with both of her nipples enjoying ever second of it.

She could feel her body tense as Anakin's tongue brought her to a crashing orgasm. Her body seemed to melt away, as he continued to lick but her movement had stopped for the moment. He realized he had done his job and done it well, and he scooted up onto the bed to lie next to her.

"Oh no, you don't." She said, as she started to work on getting his pants off. He smiled and helped her throw them to the floor. His erect dick was staring at her, aching to be touched. She pressed her lips together as she thought about all the dirty things she wanted to do to him, to his cock.

She lowered her head and acted as if she was going to kiss the tip of his head. When she didn't, Anakin gave out a frustrated sigh.

"Tell me you want it, big boy. Tell me what to do." She coaxed him into playing her game.

"I want you to suck me." He said, almost shyly once more.

"Suck what? Your ear? Your nipple?" She continued to play the terrible game.

"My cock. I want you to suck my cock." He finally cried in his own desperation, laying back on

the bed. His eyes were transfixed on the ceiling above as he waited for the sensation.

"That's more like it." She said, as she flicked her tongue on the head. Anakin closed his eyes not believing the incredible sensation.

She wrapped her tiny lips over the head and let it sit in her mouth for a moment. Anakin felt the warmth of her mouth as she slowly started to let it go deeper and deeper into her mouth.

She then removed it from her mouth and ran her tongue on the underside of his manhood, making him scream her name several times.

She smiled at his pleasure, and then stuck him fully back into her mouth as she bobbed her head up and down. She couldn't take it anymore, having him in her mouth turned her on wildly for some reason. With one fluid movement, she had taken her mouth off of his dick and replaced it with the wetness between her legs, as she straddled him.

Anakin looked up at this beauty that now rhythmically bounced up and down on his cock, taking it in her hole willingly, desperately. He cupped each of her breasts in his hands as his hips started to meet hers with every push.

Padme ran her hands through her hair, as she arched her back, eyes shut tightly, enjoying the ride. "Oh Anakin, you're so good. You're so big..." She cried in pleasure.

"If you keep saying things like that, I won't last much longer, Milady." He gasped for air as he spoke.

"Fuuuuuck meee... I'm coming Ani. I'm coming again." She cried in pleasure. Once it subsided, she fell on top of his body, she was exhausted, but Anakin held onto her rear end, using it to his advantage as he continued to pump inside of her at a furious rate.

Her hair had blinded him to all the other surroundings in the room as she kissed his lips as he pounded in and out of her.

"Now it's your turn." She said, making her way down to his neck, kissing and suckling on it.

"Oh yea." He said, as his paced picked up.

"Now, take that huge cock of yours and slam it in my tiny little hole until you shoot that hot seed in me."

The dirty talk was too much for Anakin as he spent himself entirely into her hotness.

Padme rolled off the top of him, and snuggled up to him tightly as beads of sweat poured from him profusely. He panted for air as she just held him and blew lightly into his ear.

"Can we do that again?" She asked playfully.

"Uhhh." Anakin made a noise of pure exhaustion. "Yea..." He panted again. "Just give me a second."